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COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER (INDIA'S APOSTLE).

He is interviewed by an International War Correspondent—He Explains the Object of His Visit to Canada—A Sketch of the War in East—A Treat in Store for Us.

On Saturday afternoon Commissioner Booth-Tucker dropped into the Foreign Office and gave us the following in relation to his own movements and the Indian work in general.

He was proposing to start for a tour to the East Indies and return from Liverpool on the 11th of May, and return to England in time for the Crystal Palace Exposition. This will be the first time he has crossed the Atlantic. He hoped at least to get twenty volunteers, and raise a good deal of money for the Indian work. Upon asking if the hot weather in America would not be likely to interfere with the mission, the Commissioner, hardly understanding the purpose of the question, said, "Oh, I am accustomed to hot weather!" but they explained my meaning to him. "Oh, yes, it may possibly thin the attendance, but we must make our hay while the sun shines." The appearance of our native and the interest in the subject of the heathen generally secures us a large attendance. We, however, not only want to help India, but we want to help America, and Canada, and friends. It is a principle in the Army. "What helps one helps all." I am not knowing, from past experience, that the Salvation Army work in India had been the foremost for applying the lever to help other countries. Many persons, said the Commissioner, "who are not of the Army, but who will add the work in India, and vice versa. Those who do not admire the work in India regard it with the greatest admiration in America. They do not like it too near at home." "The distance lends enchantment to the view," quoth the Commissioner, with an Oriental smile, which I expect was contagious. So I learned that the people who have been sent a great attraction for drawing, not only large congregations, but the sympathies of the people. "When we hold our meetings we have a talk to them, not of people who have converted 50 years ago, but we say what we have just done, and get them to see our soldiers, and here are some living specimens for you; judge from what you see."

We had a Soul Room for 2,000 in four months. We got 169 over the number. We housed 600 soldiers, and got them in six weeks. Now we are going in for a hundred's boom for 600 during the next three months.

According to our latest returns 74 per cent of the converts in the soul boom were in the East Indies. The rest were native Christians. Seven-sixteenths of these latter were Indian-born, so that really 27 per cent of our converts were Indians, and 3 per cent were Europeans or Europeans, and 3 per cent were Chinese, clerics, and so on.

Knowing how the Prison Gate work was going, the Commissioner said, "I have now three Prison Gate Houses in India and Ceylon, one of which in Colombo, receives monthly reports from the Government. We visit the prisoners, and hold meetings in the prison. We have a number of galleys—at least three—covered through a saved galleys while in prison. In each of these are a number of men who are serving their term, and we get them to give their testimonies in the meetings. We are anxious to circulate our message, and suggest that the prisoners should be a common thing for the police magistrates when visiting a man, instead of sending him to jail, to send him to the Salvation Army, and give him another chance. One

of our captives is a man who was converted in the goal and afterwards came to our home, after which the police prosecuted him for a crime he had committed before he was saved. Our captain went to the magistrates and said the man was saved and a thoroughly reformed character, whereupon the magistrates, instead of sending him to goal, sent him to us, and he is doing well. His father and mother, who were living at a distance, were also converted through the change in his life. If we got them to come to the meetings, and they are now fighting as soldiers. He had a brother, a thief, who had emigrated to Australia. He sent and acquired him, and found that he was in goal, and our comrades in Australia are looking after him with a view to getting him converted. I was during my last visit to the Governor of Ceylon, Sir Arthur Gordon, also Sir Noel E. Walker, Colonial Secretary, and Sir Campbell, the Inspector General of Goals, and they all said they believed we were doing a real good work among the prisoners."

Just after I left the island they rescued Rescue Work there, and have got a Rescue

beaten in South India. They have got some men who never were to a temple. They are trying to get Salvation out of their own religion. There is a sort of revival of religion, a sort of Hindoo Trade Society has sprung up, and they are busy at work distributing their tracts against the Salvation Army. They say why can't we get people saved with our religion—ours is a good religion, but the religion of the Salvation Army is like a tiger in a cow skin, and they did amongst some trees, and in the evening a gentleman came home and went on the roof and washed the month before eating food, which is their custom. When he looked over the parapet he saw the thieves and he began to rinse his mouth over them, but the thieves never moved. He made his wife bring him a tumbler of water, and he kept rinsing his mouth and emptying it over them, but they never moved an inch. He then was curious to know why they did not move, and he asked some one, his wife, and she screamed out loudly. Now why did the thieves not scream? Because

in doing which he had got his blood on his mouth, and was making his way to the mother of the babe in triumph at his victory. At once she cried out: "I have killed the saviour of my child!" Just so, the Salvation Army moves into your house like a month covered with blood, out of your children, but of those who would destroy their souls."

The Commissioner was then called away for other business, but found time for a word of prayer.

O. P. BROWN.

Early Days of Our Indian Commissioner.

We feel that the brief history of the life of our devoted comrade Commissioner Booth-Tucker, which we give below, will take in connection with his near-by preaching visit to Canada, be read with great interest. It is taken from a little book entitled "Life of the Commissioner" at the International Headquarters.

"Up, Freddy, up! The musicians are coming. Among the first struggling recollections of Commissioner Tucker's early childhood comes a scene of fear and confusion—the scared, white face of his little sister, as she leaped over his cot uttering the first sentence."

"The musicians are coming!" The frantic and the rapid preparations for flight that were being made below stairs. The mutiny had broken out. In the near-by place struggle which ended in such massacres and carnage had commenced in terrible aspect for the young comrade. The rebellion had not yet reached, still the early morning the terrible news a few days ago."

"The musicians are coming." A bugle stood at the door of the bungalow and into it the members of the Commissioner's family were hurried, the children being snatched away, orders were given to prevent the appearance of flight. Then comes a rapid drive through the country roads, the steamers waiting the fugitives, and where a number of terror-stricken Europeans were already collected. The wretched children being sheltered behind a large curtain that was drawn over the deck.

But the storm of insurrection passed, and in a few days the Commissioner and his family returned to their home; here they found everything as they left it—not the slightest pilfering or pillaging had taken place in the deserted house, showing the faithful soul of the native character."

Our Commissioner's love for the country of his adoption is the result of years, or rather of a lifetime, experience. His family had for generations been connected with the Indian Civil Service, and with the Indian Army. He was noted for his piety and moderation. His grandfather, Henry St. George Tucker, was a direct descendant of the India Company, and served for many years in India and London in the position both of director and chairman of the service. He took various positions in the Indian Civil Service.

"The family—great of the Tuckers bears the inscription 'Nil desperandum' (both motto and name being taken (it is said) from the motto of the Emperor Nero). The motto was at auspicious Tuckers! "Never despair with a Tuckers (Tucker) for your name is always correct." On the day when our Commissioner is descended from the old French Huguenot family, old Tuckers, which bears the motto of some knight-errant ancestor of old, "Sans peur et sans reproche" (Without fear and without blame). Coming to more recent times, his grandmother, a Scotch lady, was a member of the family, and a descendant upon Fred Tucker's infant mind, by a successful recital of a bribe of \$10,000 a year, which he had received from the Government, through her husband, certain patronage. He remembers, also, seeing her, and being taken to the house where his grandchildren were playing, holding in her



COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER.

Home. They collected 2,000 rupees, the Bishop of Colombo giving a donation to ward it. This was done in a very poor place, and as a result we have a home with a netwird, who are all saved from a life of prostitution. Most of them had been deceived from the illages to be put up with brothels whence they had little chance of escape. We propose starting a similar Rescue work in Bombay.

Thus with regard to our Bombay Prison Gate work, we have about 30 men, genuine ex-prisoners who have been converted. We are not allowed to go into the jails or give them any papers. Notwithstanding all these difficulties, the Commissioner, the new Governor of Bombay has sent us a donation to help us in the work, which is almost going to be the most of the liberating officers we are sending saved convicts to meet the prisoners as they are liberated from jail, and they know how to deal better with the men than our officers. Our Home in Bombay is close to the chief prison, and is a tremendous stir just now amongst all classes, especially amongst the

they thought they were not seen! The boys had nothing to steal, and therefore made a great noise. So the Salvation Army, like these thieves in the garden, when split up, they remain calm, and do not make any noise. They want to take our sons and daughters, and when we split upon them they don't make the least noise for the same reason."

The Commissioner told me he replied to this threat, and to link powerfully, and practically as follows:—

"Once upon a time there was a big mongrel dog named as at the corner with its mouth covered with blood. She started and said, 'My babe is killed,' and so saying she ran to the Indian Civil Service, and killed the mongrel on the spot. She then ran out to the garden, expecting to see the man whose babe was killed sleeping with a huge serpent by its side, a deadly cobra, which

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Rescue Notes.

BY STAFF-GFT. MRS. READ.

There are so many ways in which those who are able to spare a little of their time to actual soul-winning may help, cheer, and encourage. How often the lone worker, engaged in a spare moment by some faithful Christian to one of God's workers, coming out where that weary toiler was feeling the Calvary path of soul-winning very thorny and hard to tread, feeling, too, that few were interested in his or her salvation, and especially in their particular sphere of work. They have read between the lines, love, sympathy, and a desire on the part of the writer to strengthen and lift up.

Despite the disappointments that we

never had more reason to feel encouraged nor a firmer, confident faith that our precious sisters will be saved. One by one they

Another cause for rejoicing is the fact that from all directions we are constantly receiving letters expressing deepest interest in and sympathy for our work, sometimes containing practical manifestations. Read a few extracts:

Dear Captain,—

Two Christian friends talked together as to the lawfulness of their going to the con-

cert at the Pavilion this afternoon, but concluded, as it was a purely selfish gratification, they wouldn't, but rather send the dollar as a thank offering to the Lord for giving them instead sweet enlargement in prayer and fellowship together in the bonds of the Gospel. Please receive herewith the dollar for the Rescue Home.

speaking of my work she says: "I cannot send anything at present for your

work, as for over a year I have never earned a cent; but, God willing, I expect to get settled in a situation ~~soon~~ and of my first pay I will send you one dollar as a thanksgiving for renewed health, to be used in your Rescue work. Do you know if I had been a Salvationist I would have gloried in your work. I do pray for the rescue of my poor fallen sisters. Indeed, for some time I have made it a matter of special prayer once a week for them. May the dear Lord give you strength for your work, and pay you with souls for your hire."

them for the assistance they gave after listening to an account of the work in the Sunday afternoon meeting. Following

"I cannot help with money, but I have been making a quilt for Jesus, and I would like you to have it for the Drunkards' Home; I want to help so much. Will it be acceptable?" I was very much touched as this dear sister came up to me after a meeting recently. Her heart had been made to see the need of the souls of those we are trying to help and save. She was not rich in this world's goods, but her heart was rich in love towards God. She never mentioned the sacrifice it was to give this gift, for it had meant many hours of

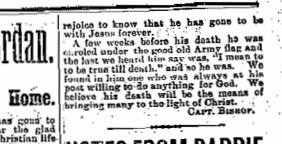
Truly, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

This bright May morning, while all nature is springing into new life, clothing the earth with a fresh and glorious beauty, and our hearts sing in unison with the bird's sweet song of praise, we bless Thee, loving Jesus, that Thou hast come into our life making all new bright blessed

Reader, your talents, your money, your

life, has He who has the right through the ransom paid—His own precious blood—received them a willing sacrifice? It is blessed to give, and in giving you receive ALL.

"To you who know that sin's dark stain is blotted ever from your name
It comes—oh! shall it be in vain
That pleading call?"



ANNIE

1. Our WAR CR. meetings at 10.30 on the market square draw a good crowd, and sell a number of Crs. Hallelujah!
2. "This seems like a dissecting room to me this morning, but it is doing me good. I want the knife, and I'll use on me, I want it!" So said a brother in the holiness meeting.
3. I have a dissecting room at home, and I often dissect myself. I did so yesterday. I found I have a proper Salvation. Hallelujah!
4. Analyzed myself by the fifth chapter of Galatians, and have the right thing.

me. I laid
on shopping).

and joined in. God blessed me I used to be in the Army. Oh ye run-away, you had better come home.

G I have been having a post mortem on my heart this morning. I have been saying that I am sanctified, but God put me to the test the other day.

I have two cows in a marshy place, and in the mornings I have to bring them in to milk. I have to go through the marsh, but the other won't, and I have to go through the marsh to fetch her, and get my foot wet every time.

I used to run in one morning. As usual, this cow ran away from me. I threw the cow ran, but I couldn't run faster. I was inside. It didn't come out, but I know it was there.

verses, and I

Next morning, the same thing happened, but I did not feel any anger at all. My temper was washed away by the Blood. Glory be to God. I want to be honest; and so tell you this.

7. Brother B— says, "I covenanted with God just full that all I made over my own should, on towards buying me a

and he says I
sent me in

...for money, one fills up the gap between every bit of water victories.

T.U. Moss.

I praise God
when I come

We had half an hour's special prayer meeting on Sunday, from two until half-past, for our sick comrades all round the world, and Brother S— prayer was echoed in all our hearts: "we are members one with another, if one suffer, we all suffer with him."

A Brother "for Mrs. Booth," as we thought of her suffering it moved us to

owa soil, and
praying for

8. A Sister, sanctified a week ago, said in her testimony Sunday, "I have been only a week ago sanctified, and to some people I have been praying for five years. They got angry at first, but broke down in a little while and promised to get saved. I prayed with them then, before I prayed for them at home."

asty snap out.

to the end,
affranch to God,
trained to live
Divine assist-
city.
Coccy, Capt.

11. I feel like a pot with a good fire under, boiling over.
12. I once thought Salvation was put up in bottles, when I heard of it, like patent medicine, and I find it is now a remedy for all kinds of sin disease. Cap. Desson.
(These notes are good Captain. Now go on and send another batch.)—En.

Corried.

THE JOURNAL OF THE

Why, a time of thanking God for forming such an organization as the S.A. 25 years ago.

